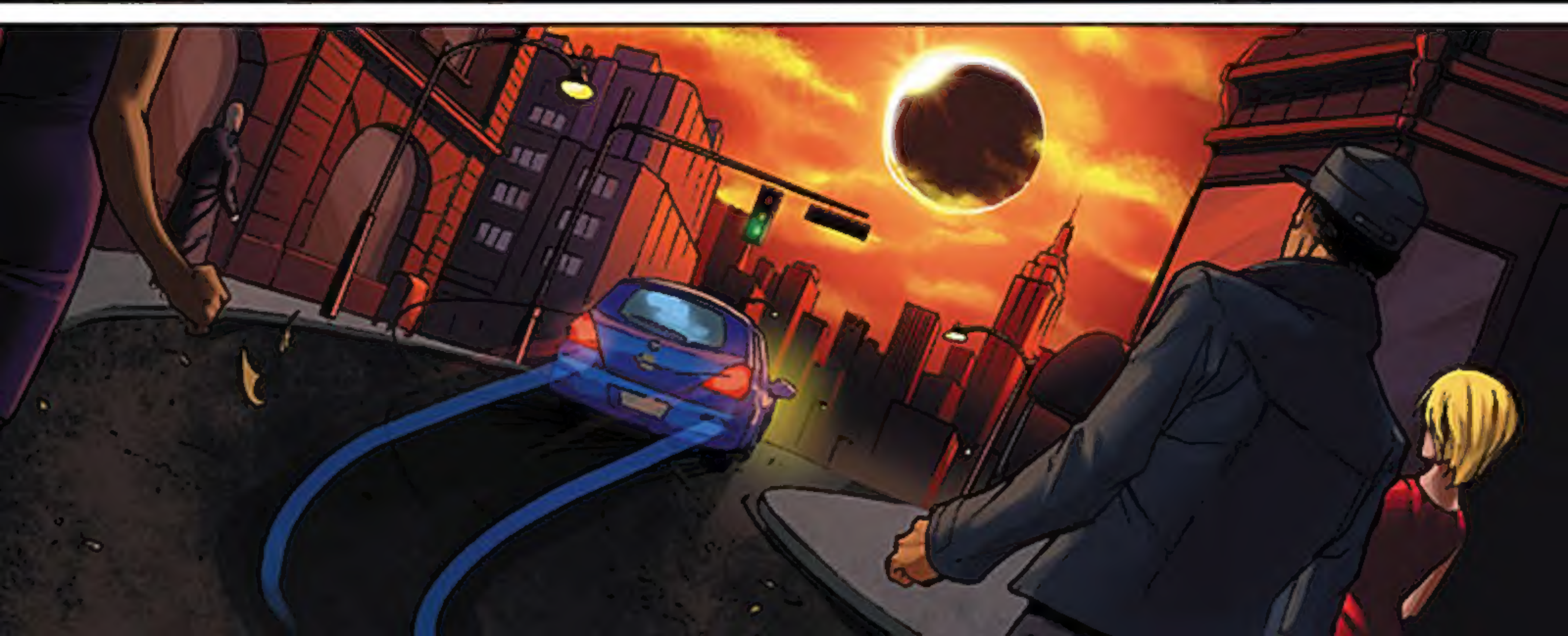


INTRODUCING THE ALL-NEW
NISSAN VERSA

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HEROES

CHAPTER 37

It Takes a Village


Part 3 of 4

Guillame has used both his influence as a spiritual leader and his mysterious powers to defend his people against the corrupt forces of the Tonton Macoutes... until the day his powers failed him. Despite a shameful defeat, Guillame manages to inspire his people again. Unfortunately, as a child, the mysterious Haitian didn't realized he was behind his father's downfall...



"WE WALKED.
THREE DAYS.


"CARRYING
NOTHING...



"...BUT THE BURDEN
OF THAT NIGHT."

WH-WHAT'S
HAPPENING...?
FATHER?

WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THEM?



"I KNEW IT WAS
A DESPERATE,
STUPID
QUESTION EVEN
AS IT PASSED
MY LIPS.

"I HAPPENED
TO THEM.



STOP IT!
STOP IT AND SAY
SOMETHING!

SAY
SOMETHING!

"SOMETHING INSIDE
ME, LASHED OUT
INTO THEIR *MINDS*...
SCRAPING. LIKE
FINGERNAILS THROUGH
THE FLESH OF AN
OVERRIPE MELON.

"SCRAPING."



WE ARE
CURSED. YOU
AND I.

WE
MUST MAKE
AMENDS.



THE
CROSSROADS.

HERE,
WE WILL MAKE
IT RIGHT.

IT TAKES A VILLAGE

JOE KELLY OF
MAN OF ACTION STUDIOS

Story

EDGAR AT STUDIO F *Colors*
COMICRAFT *Lettering*

TOM
GRUMMETT

Art

Part
3 of 4



An
INVISIBLE COLLEGE
Production



REST NOW, BOY.
'TILL DAWN. WHEN
THE VEIL BETWEEN
WORLDS IS
THINNEST.

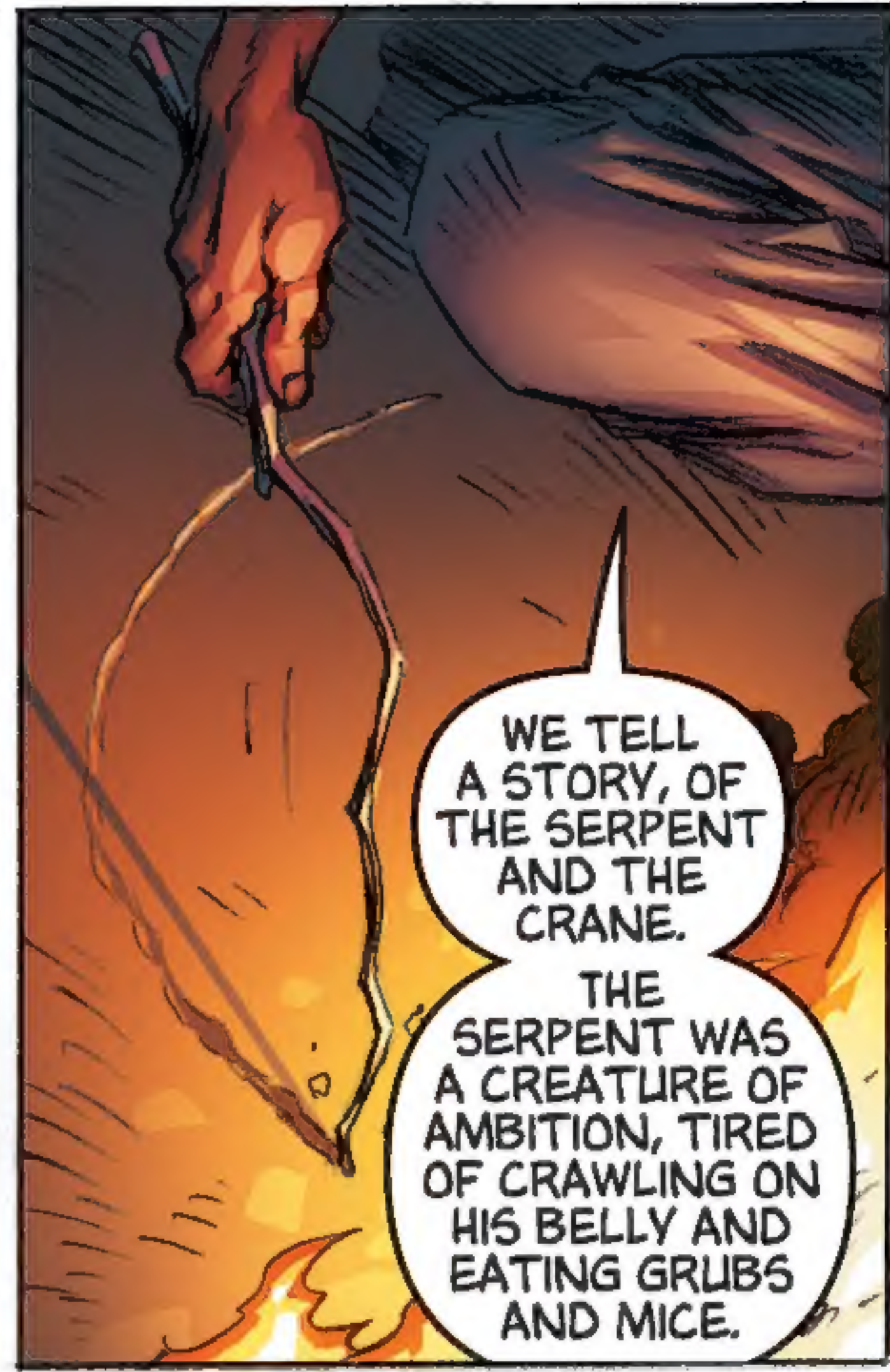
THEN
WHAT?

...



DO
YOU HATE
ME?

...



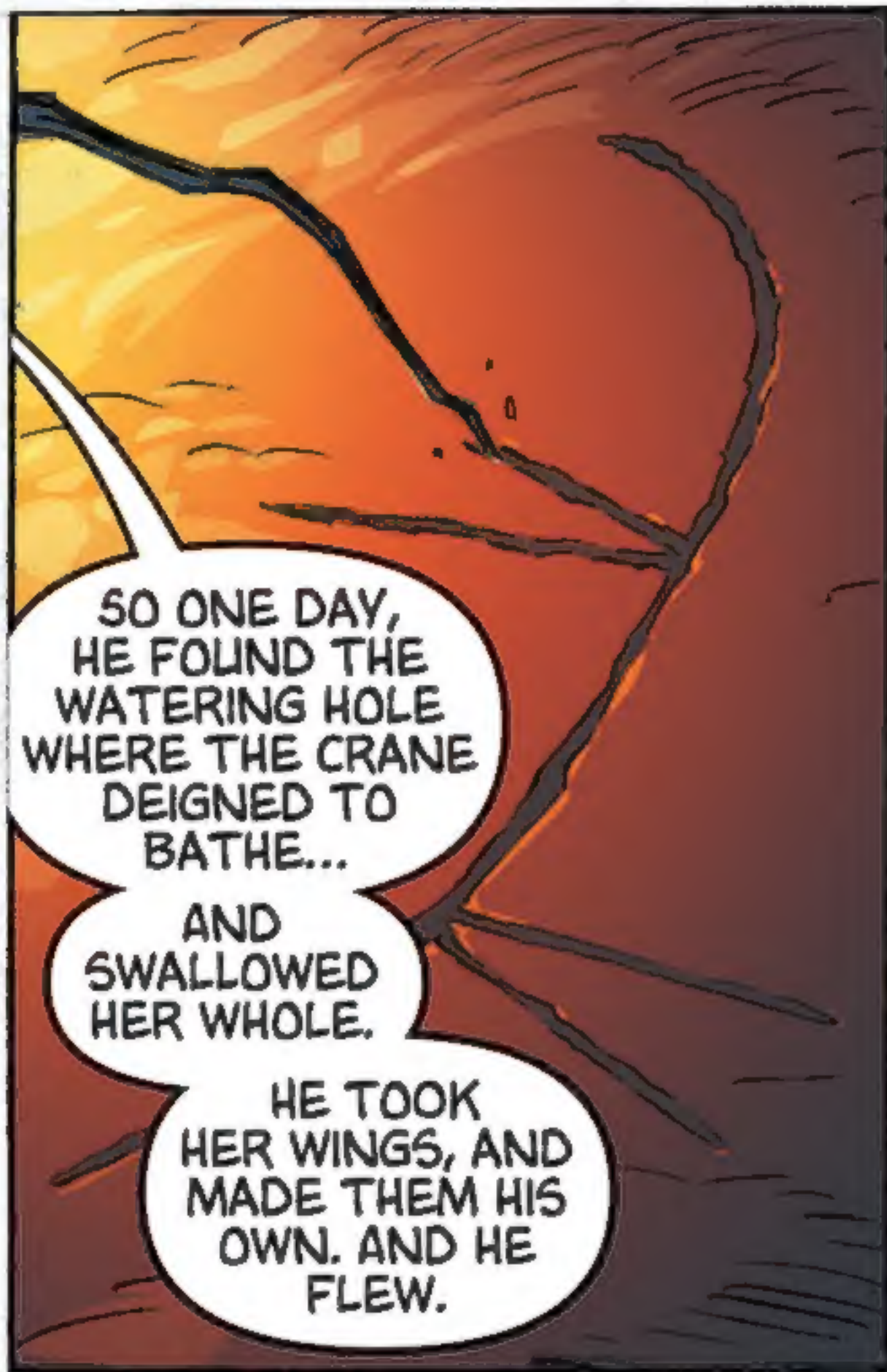
WE TELL
A STORY, OF
THE SERPENT
AND THE
CRANE.

THE
SERPENT WAS
A CREATURE OF
AMBITION, TIRED
OF CRAWLING ON
HIS BELLY AND
EATING GRUBS
AND MICE.



ONE DAY, HE SPOTTED
THE CRANE. CAREFREE.
STUPID. BUT SHE COULD
FLY. THE SUN SHONE
ON HER ALWAYS. SHE
SLEPT IN CLOUDS.
DRANK FROM
RAINBOWS.

"WHAT A
WASTE,"
THOUGHT THE
SNAKE. "IF I
COULD FLY, THE
THINGS I COULD
ACCOMPLISH!"



SO ONE DAY,
HE FOUND THE
WATERING HOLE
WHERE THE CRANE
DEIGNED TO
BATHE...

AND
SWALLOWED
HER WHOLE.

HE TOOK
HER WINGS, AND
MADE THEM HIS
OWN. AND HE
FLEW.



HE FLEW AROUND THE SUN.
HE FLEW TO THE MOON.
HE ATE THE CLOUDS AND
PLAYED IN THE RAIN.

ISN'T THAT
GOOD? THAT HE
GOT WHAT HE
WANTED?

YES. VERY
GOOD. VERY
IMPORTANT...



BUT WHAT GOOD IS
IT TO FLY, IF YOU HAVE
NOWHERE TO GO? ONCE
HE HAD THE POWER,
THE SNAKE LOST
TOUCH WITH THE
GROUND.

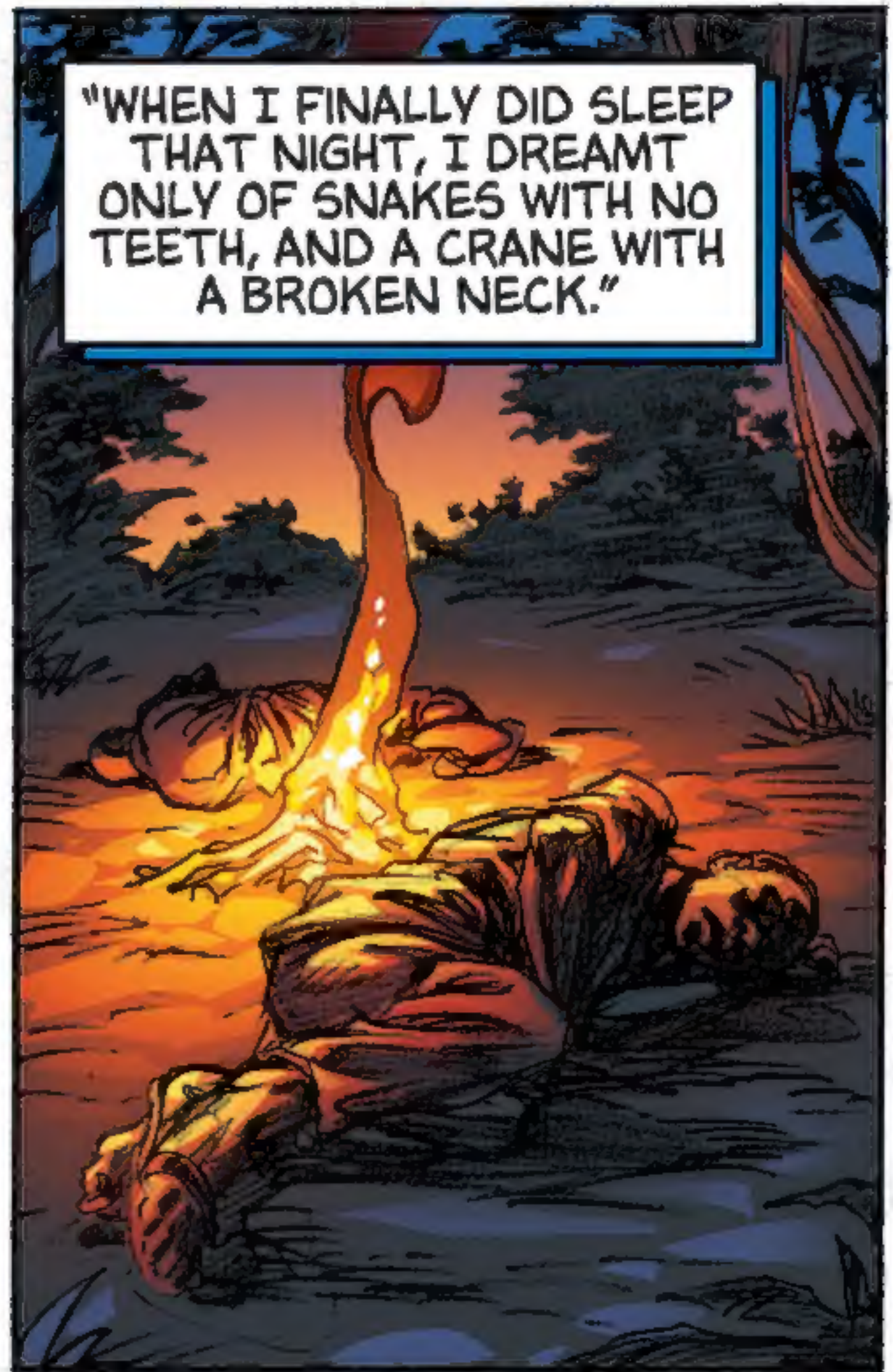


WHEN THE LOA
MOUNT ME, I HAVE
POWER. I COULD
DRIVE MEN TO
ECSTASY OR
HORROR.

I COULD
LEAD, MOVE
NATIONS...

...INSTEAD,
I GET THEM
HIGH AND I
SLEEP WITH
THEIR
WOMEN.

I HAVE
FORGOTTEN
THE GROUND,
AND MUST
MAKE PENANCE
FOR IT.



"WHEN I FINALLY DID SLEEP
THAT NIGHT, I DREAMT
ONLY OF SNAKES WITH NO
TEETH, AND A CRANE WITH
A BROKEN NECK."

"I HAVE SEEN MANY CEREMONIES AT MY FATHER'S SIDE. MET MANY HOUNGAN AND SEEN THE OLD WAYS PRACTICED ACROSS HAITI..."



"...BUT NONE OF IT, NONE OF IT, WAS PETRO. THE DARK WALK. THE STUFF OF NIGHTMARES AND 'VOODOO FILMS.'"

"UNTIL THE MOUNTAIN. THE CROSSROADS."

WH-WHAT HAPPENS HERE?



TAKE THE BLADE.

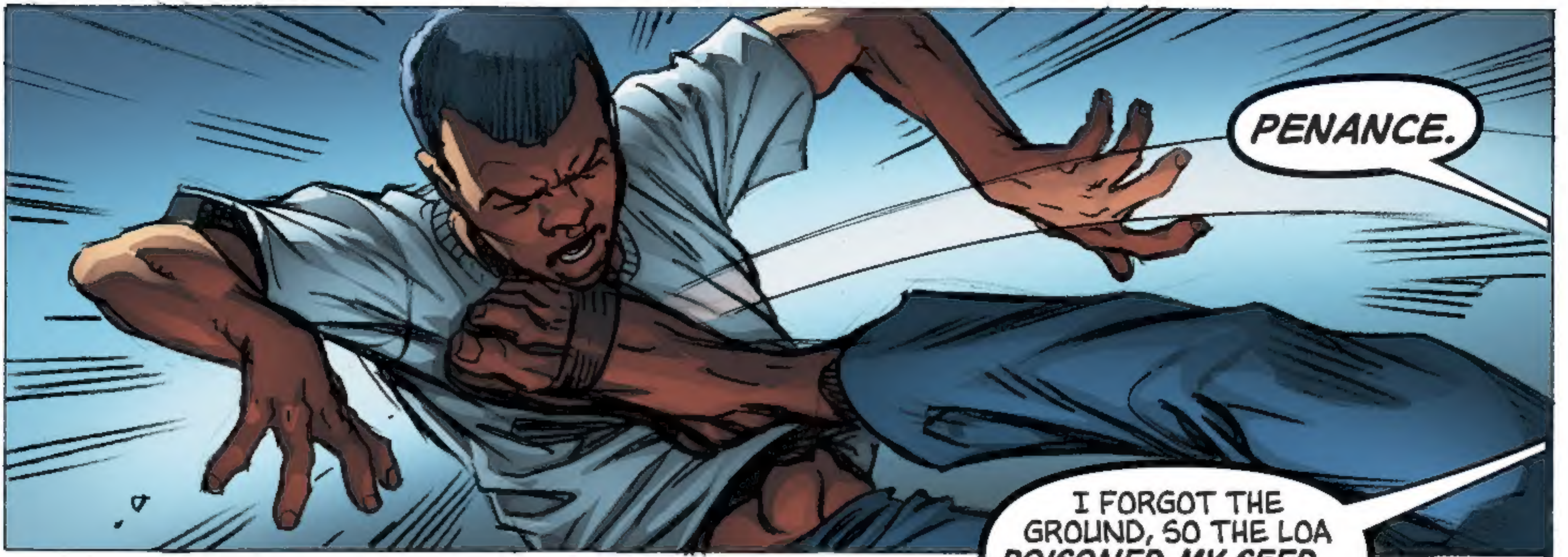
NO. WHY--? FATHER?



TAKE THE BLADE!

WHAT'S HAPPENING?





PENANCE.

I FORGOT THE
GROUND, SO THE LOA
POISONED MY SEED...
AND SENT YOU TO
PUNISH ME.



N-NO...

REMEMBER THE
GROUND. CUT OUT
THE POISON...

**I
WILL FLY
AGAIN!**

*To Be
Continued...*